

JOHN WANAMAKER'S STORE.

# THE HOLIDAYS AT JOHN WANAMAKER'S,

CHESTNUT, THIRTEENTH AND MARKET STREETS, AND CITY HALL SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

**THE HOLIDAYS.** There is nowhere in Philadelphia so varied a collection of rich goods as here—such as furs, mothers, brothers, sisters, lovers, look for a little later.

There is an end of gifts. Our collection is large enough and rich enough, one could suppose, even for a less frugal city than Philadelphia. These goods are now at the height of their glory. The choicest of them are here; others will come of course; but the choicest are going.

What is equal to the purpose, buyers are now about as many as can be comfortably served, and the throng will be denser every fair day till Christmas.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**TOILET FURNISHING.** Sachets, tides, lamp-shades, pen-cushions, boxes, in satin and plush, embroidered and painted.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**LACES.** Duchesse vest with Point medallions, \$3.00; the same may be seen elsewhere at \$2.00.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**CLOCKS.** \$1.25 to \$150.00, all guaranteed.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**TOYS.** New room, new toys.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**BOOKS.** A catalogue of books may be had at the book counter. We want every reader to have it. The list of children's holiday books is especially complete.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**LADIES' ULSTERS.** There are two general styles, one closed and one open. The latter is known as the "coachman" style. In detail of trimming there is great variety though there are no more than \$2.00 to \$5.00.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**MISSSES' COATS.** Misses' coats in more than 20 styles, and a large collection of the latest cutting. Sizes 10 to 16 years.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY.** We have the best goods of the world, and the next best, and the next, and so on. There is no place anywhere, where you can see so large a collection of the different goods of goods, all passing for what they are, and nothing for what it is not, cotton for cotton, mixed for mixed, wool for wool.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**EMBROIDERIES.** New Embroideries are already in. Our stock is now in the condition you expect to find it at New Year.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**CARPETS.** The choicest luxurious carpets; the most substantial carpets; the lowest prices; punctilious service.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**SILKS.** Evening silks in the Arcade, east side. The same and many others.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**EMBROIDERIES.** Our next receiving's novelties in embroidery are just now arriving; they usually come at New Year.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**LACES.** Laces change daily. Our sales are large, our variety always large, and but little of any one sort. Compare prices. A quarter below the market is not uncommon.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**WAPES, &c.** Such a stock of foreign cloths as Philadelphia has not before seen, \$2.00 to \$25.00; shawls near by; dresses up stairs.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**FURS.** Furs of all sorts are going fast. They went last year, and they are going again. We shall not raise prices till we have to buy. Expect to find here whatever you want for a little of trimming up.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**COATS AND ULSTERS FOR CHILDREN.** Not so great variety as for ladies; but much larger than anywhere else here.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**COATS, 2 to 10 years.** In thirty different materials, blue, black, and brown, with five black; collar and cuffs of plush; also in trimmed with fur, and velvet.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**COATS, 4 to 10 years.** In thirty styles, trimmed with plush stitching, plush, seal cloth, and velvet.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**COATS, 10 to 16 years.** In five cloths, with seal cloth collar and cuffs.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**COATS, 16 to 20 years.** In eight cloths, trimmed with plush stitching, seal cloth and plush.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**COATS, 20 to 25 years.** In two styles.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**BOYS' CLOTHING.** Our trade is just what it ought to be for the facilities and advantages we give.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**CHINA AND GLASSWARE.** Tackling, porcelain, plates, only for dinner or dessert, five patterns, \$2.50 to \$3.00 per dozen.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**HAVILLAND DIAMONDS.** (Canille pattern, \$10.00; elsewhere, \$12.00; Tresselt, \$15.00; elsewhere, \$20.00.) Tresselt with diamond border and decoration of grasses and butterflies, \$25.00; elsewhere, \$30.00.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**PLUSH HAND-BAGS.** A great variety of other kinds. Also pocket books, embroidered leather and cloth, cigar cases, and everything in leather goods.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**CEMENTED LOTS ENCLOSED.** All work guaranteed and satisfaction given in every particular.

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KIDNEY PADS.

## DAY'S KIDNEY PAD.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

That acts directly on the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary Organs, by absorbing all humors, every trace of disease, and forcing into the system powerful and healthy vegetable juices, giving it wonderful power to cure FALLEN IN THE BACK, side and loins, perianth and Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stone in the Bladder, inability to Retain or Expel the Urine, High Colored, Scanty or Painful Urinating, Deposits, Shreds or Casts in the Urine, NEURALGIA AND PHYSICAL DEBILITY, and in fact any disease of these great organs.

It avoids entirely the troubles and dangers of taking nauseous and poisonous medicines. It is comfortable, safe, pleasant and reliable in its effects, yet powerful in its action. It can be worn at all seasons, in any climate, and is equally good for MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD.

Regular Pad, \$2.00; Special Pad, for Chronic, Dropsy, or cases of long standing, \$2.50. Your Druggist or dealer in medicine, or mail order, will send you a sample of our Kidney Pad, and will explain its use and value.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

**Day Kidney Pad Company,**

TOLEDO, OHIO.

EASTERN AGENCY,

CHARLES N. CRITTENTON,

115 Fulton St., New York.

## \$500 REWARD!

OVER A MILLION OF

PROF. GUILMETTE'S

French Kidney Pads

Have already been sold in this country and in France, and have received the highest praise and satisfaction, and have performed cures every time when used according to directions. We will pay the above reward for a single case of

**LAME BACK**

that the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will positively and permanently cure Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Dropsy, and all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs.

**YOU CAN BE CURED!**

Without swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing

**PROF. GUILMETTE'S**

**FRENCH KIDNEY PAD!**

WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION.

Ask your druggist for PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD, and take no other. If he has not got it, send \$2 and you will receive the Pad by mail.

**JAMES A. MEYERS,**

Old Fellow's Hall, Columbia, Pa.

Sold only by GEO. W. HULL,

Druggist, 15 W. King St., Lancaster, Pa.

**Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad.**

Will positively cure Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague, Ague Cache, Bilious Fever, Jaundice, Dropsy, and all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Blood. Price \$2.00 per Pad. Send for Free Circulars, and take no other.

**FRENCH PAD COMPANY,**

TOLEDO, OHIO.

**COAL!**

**COAL!**

**COAL!**

**COAL!**

**COAL!**

**COAL!**

**COAL!**

**COAL!**

**COAL!**

**COAL!**

**COAL!**

**COAL!**

Lancaster Intelligencer.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, DEC. 1, 1880.

## WHO WILL GET THIS MONEY?

NEARLY \$20,000 FOUND ON THE DEAD BODY OF AN OUTCAST.

Several Alleged Widows and Sworn of Cons—Scrap of his History—A Venture in the Direction of Matrimony—Selling Services—Frenzied—His Wife—His Wealth that One Wife Ever Touched—Liturgy—Ahead!

N. Y. Sun.

On last election day a tall, spare, long-faced, gray-bearded, ragged and dirty man begged for breakfast at a house in Burnt Hills, Saratoga county. The woman refused him because he was so squalid. But she gave him ten cents and a neighbor told him how to reach the Shaker settlement in Watervliet, Albany county. The three counties of Albany, Saratoga and Schenectady join within a few miles of these two places near Niskayuna. In the latter town, on the evening of that day this tall, gray tramp entered the village of Niskayuna, applied for admission to a house or two, was refused and then he disappeared. The next morning Mrs. Winnie went to the carriage house after coal. When she opened the door she saw an old man lying on his back, partially propped up against the coal bin. She spoke to him but he did not answer. Mrs. Winnie hurried back to the house with the news that there was a dead man in the carriage house. Help was procured and the old man was examined. He was not dead, but barely alive. His condition was such that the Winnies refused to have him with in their doors. A kind-hearted neighbor had him carried into his house, built a nursing fire, gave him brandy and killed a chicken to make broth for the old man. The tramp, without speaking, died at five o'clock. Coroner Onderkirk, of Schenectady, was notified and that night at nine o'clock he arrived at the house where the dead man lay.

The man who had played the part of a Good Samaritan was sorry that he had done so, and he said to the coroner: "The best thing you can do is to put that man and his rags in a box and bury them all together. I don't want him here another minute."

The coroner objected to this method of disposing of a human being, and said that he would try to prepare the body for burial.

"It was the worst case I ever handled," said the coroner, who is an undertaker. "He had two coats, a vest and shirts, all in rags, and two pairs of trousers. I cut the clothes off. When I came to the trousers I felt a bunch in the waist-band. I examined and found a little bag sewed up, and then sewed to the waist-band. I pulled it out and found it contained a \$100 government bond. I struck another bag fixed like the first. It contained still another bag, and that held a gold hunting-casewatch and chain worth \$150. Then I found another bag that had a lot of silver in it, and found in his clothing I found more bonds, more silver, a bag of buttons, six silver spoons, wrapped up in brown paper, a layer of paper between each spoon, and the whole wrapped up with five or six yards of cord."

"When I had \$750 in government bonds, \$230.72 in cash, the watch and chain, five old silver spoons marked 'J. H. G.', and one older and smaller, marked, as we afterward found out, 'M. T.' The silver was put in a tin box and found in the trunk a man handed me something that he said he had picked up where the old man lay. It was a sort of a tin case done up in rags. I pulled them off and opened the case. There was something rolled up inside. I pulled it out and found it contained nineteen new \$1,000 United States registered bonds. The old man had died, apparently of starvation, with \$19,986.72 about him—only \$10.28 less than \$20,000. I wonder if he had set his mark at that figure."

"Well," continued the coroner, "this put me back to the case of \$20,000 many years ago. I found, besides, on the old man papers showing that he was John Edward Giles, and probably a minister, for there were two sermons in one of his pockets. We had a post-mortem examination. It showed that he had died of congestion of the brain. I had the face photographed, put the body in a receiving vault, and the money in the bank, and began investigations. Our local papers published something about it, and the result was that a man named John Edward Giles, known around Rhinebeck and Dutchess county. But before this there appeared a claimant to the property right here."

**The First Claimant.** Stopping the coroner in his narrative, it is best to go back thirty or forty years. In the fall of 1838 in Union county was John Giles. In the village of Schenectady lived Helen Maria Chute. These young persons were married in 1839, and in 1843 John Giles, he having meantime completed his theological studies, settling in Stony Brook, N. Y., as the pastor of the Presbyterian church there. Two children were born to them, one of them, Maggie, lived, and in 1849 was three years old. One September day in 1849 the Rev. John Giles left his home, went over to Stony Brook, and taking a route he said he had taken around Crane Neck and Old Field point in the sound, a distance of six or eight miles. He was not an experienced boatman, and he was never seen again. Some days afterward the bow of a boat was found in the vicinity of the Smith in Stony Brook identified a chain attached to it as one that he had made for the boat in which the Rev. John Giles had set sail. The clergyman's wife mourned his loss, and in the cemetery at Setauket was the tombstone bearing the inscription: "To the memory of the Rev. John Giles, pastor of the Presbyterian church, Setauket, Born at Littleton, N. H., Jan. 2, 1816. Died Sept. 28, 1849."

Mrs. Giles afterward married David F. Lyon, and took up her home again in Schenectady. Some years ago Mr. Lyon died, leaving her for the second time a widow. Maggie grew to womanhood and became Mrs. Banta. The mother and daughter now live in Schenectady. When it appeared in the newspaper that the man who had died of starvation was the Rev. John E. Giles, there were several friends of the widow of the Rev. John E. Giles who jumped at the conclusion that the dead man was her long missing husband. Mrs. Lyons herself went to see the man, and she said there were those five spoons marked 'J. H. G.' This, as spoons were marked long ago, would stand for John and Helen Giles. Mrs. Lyons knew that spoons were marked that way, but she did not know that her husband took any spoons with him when he set sail from Stony Brook on that September afternoon. The fact that the dead man was a preacher was in her favor. That he had changed his name by inserting a middle E, and adding an s was natural enough if he had deserted from the church. She was so sure of this that she thought it a duty to enter a claim. She said that the upper part of the face looked something like her husband's. He was a

smooth shaven man. This man had a thin scraggy beard and moustache. She told the coroner that her husband had a mole on his body. The dead man had no such mole.

"Then Mrs. Lyons," the coroner says, "and we compared them with the two found on Giles. The writing was unlike. Her husband's sermons were mere skeletons; Giles's were written out in full. Still we were all hoping that it could be proved that the Widow Lyons was the rightful heir to that money; but the more we looked into it the more unlikely it seemed. She said her husband had four false teeth. This man's teeth were all in his head. She had friends insisted that he was the man, and some thought it strange that I had any doubts on the subject. I give these persons credit for meaning well; but you ought to have seen the swindlers. A man appeared in Niskayuna the day after Giles's death, and said he knew him. He was his son, and ordered me to turn everything over to him. Another man sent for me to come to Troy, and told me a cock-and-bull story concocted from what he had read, with some imagination thrown in. I began an investigation."

Another man began investigating. This was Lawyer Alexander J. Thompson, of Schenectady. The result of what he, Coroner Onderkirk, and a Sun reporter have ascertained brings the story nearer to completion. There lived in Rhinebeck near the beginning of this century a man named Samuel H. Giles. He was an Englishman by birth, but a warm American at heart, and was a captain in the war of 1812. In the records of this century a man named John Thompson on April 8, 1812, was born, and he was named John Edward Giles. He grew to manhood in Rhinebeck and learned his father's trade. He was a shrewd young fellow, and after a term or so in the Rhinebeck academy was deemed worthy to teach school in the district school in Red Hook in the winter and worked at his trade in summer. He developed the faculty of talking in meeting and making long prayers. Through the influence of the Lutheran minister in Red Hook he was licensed for one year to preach. There is nothing to show that he ever had more authority than this to be called "Reverend." He was a thrifty young fellow and saved money, which he gave to a merchant in Rhinebeck for safe keeping. When John was a little over 25 years of age he proposed marriage to Miss Emma Stitzer, and she accepted him. The day was set for the wedding, the guests assembled, and after a little delay John appeared with the friend who was to be his groomsmen. As they entered the room John stopped, and he said to the bride clerk, turned to his best man and said: "Ed, she's uglier and older than I thought. I won't marry her." Then he turned on his heel and walked away. That night he disappeared, having first collected \$500 from his merchant in Rhinebeck for safe keeping. The following is an extract from a letter that he wrote on the 18th of January, 1841, when he was hiding in Clinton, eight miles from Rhinebeck:

"Honored Sir: After being at Rhinebeck one week, and after I became satisfied about considerably that I was there, I left, and am now in the town of Clinton, eight miles from the village. I have not carried out the original intention which you expected when I left you. You thought, I suppose, that I understood how to marry the girl; but I have not yet married her, nor do I think I shall, for I don't like her and there is no way marrying a girl you don't like. My friends, however, have exerted themselves to their utmost in order to settle the affair by mutual agreement of the parties if possible, and I do sincerely believe that they will be able to, for, after trying some time, they have at last got them down to \$150, which my friends say is entirely too much, and that, though they ought to have something, \$50 is plenty, and they shall not get more than that. They can help it. I have been there only once, and for me to pay \$150 for being in the house about thirty minutes, is, they say, entirely out of the question, and I shall not pay it, for it is a complete loss."

"She certainly is a broken-hearted creature, for she told me she was 27 years old, and she actually is upward of thirty."

The result of this breach of promise is not fully known, but the deserted maiden afterward married a shoemaker, and is now living in Rhinebeck in great poverty.

In 1845 John E. Giles married the widow Hannah Knapp, who had a small daughter at time. The courtship was peculiar. Mrs. Knapp was doing housework for a Rhinebeck man. One evening she called and asked to see her at the door. She went out and was gone some little time. She smiled and looked a trifle puzzled when she came in. A few days later she asked her employer what sort of a man Mr. Giles was. The employer didn't know much for or against him.

"Why?" he asked.

"Oh, he asked me to marry him, when he called the other night."

She married him because he said he'd give her a good home. He built a little out-of-the-way frame house, and she lived there. He then abused her, and said all the old inhabitants, looking her in the collar, beating her, and making her life so miserable that she left him. Some say that he deserted her. She died in New York in 1853, and is buried in Evergreens cemetery.

Her daughter lived here now.

**Giles on His Travels.** After leaving his wife Giles became a colporteur and agent for religious newspapers. Then began the tramping that ended only at his death. In those days he dressed well, had a ready tongue, and imposed upon ministers of all denominations. He called himself the "Rev." John E. Giles, and lived entirely upon the charity of the men on whom he imposed. His face, form and voice became well known throughout the state. He took many subscriptions for different religious newspapers, sent in the orders and pocketed the money. He preached whenever the opportunity offered, and traveled up and down the state, seldom going out of it, returning to Rhinebeck once a year or so, and always bringing home some money, and always trading on his pretended piety. No one knew much about him or his family relations. When questioned he said that the subject was a painful one. As years passed he became careless in his dress, and the persons who thought it a duty to enter a claim against him, the colporteur, now began to hesitate before giving a bed to him. He became very eccentric.

"I came home one day," said Mr. Thompson to the reporter, "and my wife met me at the door, saying, 'Come in and see who's in the kitchen. I guess I'm entertaining an angel unaware.' But he didn't look like one, and he didn't like what I gave him to eat, and ordered me to get something better. I went in rather sullen, and saw a dirty old man at the table. 'How are you, sir?' I said, rather sharply. 'How are you, sir?' he answered in a very dignified manner. 'Who are you?' I asked. 'I'm a man of God,' he answered. 'From what church do you get your communion?' 'I take my orders from church,' he said, 'very solemnly. I take them from God Almighty Himself.' 'Well, said I, 'you take yourself

out of my house.' He hesitated, and I started for him. Then he went. On the piazza he stopped and began to shake his clothes. 'I shake the dust—' he began. 'You get out of the street and shake yourself,' I shouted. 'Don't do it on my piazza.' 'I didn't know who it was. But when I saw Mr. Giles lying dead, I recognized him.'

Many stories are told of his eccentricities, as they were then styled. His sole aim seemed to be to make money. When turned away from a house he would beg money to pay his lodging, and would get it. Then he would go and sleep in a barn. Only a few days before his death he was in Galway, Saratoga county, and two clergymen there gave him \$10 on plea that he was anxious to get home in order to vote for Garfield. He had \$19,000 with him at the time. There are those who were surprised after the Rev. J. E. Giles had slept in the house to find his bureau filled with stockings, pillow cases, and towels. Neatly folded pillow cases and two napkins were found on him after he was dead.

"When I saw that money," said Lawyer Thompson, "I made up my mind that I would look it up, and I might as well help find who it was as any one else. I am not ready to tell you what I have found, by any means. The Widow Lyons has no claim; that's plain. Giles's first wife is dead; that's settled. Did he ever marry again? That's the question. I am prepared to say that there are three women, to my knowledge, who claim to be his wives. I have the certificates of two. He had no brothers or sisters; no relatives that are known except on his mother's side. I have found and represented a lot of records in Giles's name, and if their claim is proved the shares will range from \$1,500 to \$175, and that is providing they divide the whole of the \$20,000. I shan't tell you anymore. There's going to be some interesting litigation."

**The Coroner's Investigation.** Mr. Thompson is a shrewd lawyer. Coroner Onderkirk seems to be a plain and candid man. He does not agree with Mr. Thompson that that gentleman is the man to make the search. "The money is in my hands," he said. "I made up my mind that it was my duty as an officer to find the lawful heirs, and I went to work. On the old man was the address of the Rev. J. R. Sylvester, of Chatham Centre, near Rhinebeck. I went over and found Mr. Sylvester. He preaches, keeps a grocery, sells cigars, has a little printing office, where he prints sermons, and when I saw him was making a pair of red flannel drawers on a sewing machine. He knew much about Giles; had sold him many sermons, which Giles sold to other ministers. How do I know it? I found the records in Giles's name. Sylvester told me to go and see W. L. Pultz, an old friend of Giles's, who lives near Rhinebeck. I went, and found an old black satchel full of papers. Pultz told me much about the old man, and said, among other things, that he had once had a wife in Madison county, but that he didn't live with her, because he couldn't stand the smell of hops. You know Madison is a great hop county. I looked over the papers. Here is one of them, the certificate of his marriage to Miss Emma Stitzer, in Binghamton."

Mr. Onderkirk showed a yellow paper, written over with large, awkward characters, of which the following is a copy: "This certifies that I married Samuel H. Giles to Sarah Epiphon on the 4th of August, 1839, and that said Giles was at the time dressed in military uniform, and that he interrupted me while passing through the marriage ceremony by embracing his bride in his arms and kissing her most affectionately, and that he had once had a wife in Madison county, but that he didn't live with her, because he couldn't stand the smell of hops. You know Madison is a great hop county. I looked over the papers. Here is one of them, the certificate of his marriage to Miss Emma Stitzer, in Binghamton."

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